



## THE TALISMAN AND THE LEECH.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a lovely lady that on her sick-bed lay;  
It was her body that for the leech lay,  
And met upon the highway, crouched on the  
cold hard stone,  
A withered white-haired beggar that made for  
him her moan.

The lordly lover cast her purse from saddle-bow,  
"My love is lying dying, and for the leech I go,  
In yonder town physicians many are, I trow;  
Would that the skillfullest of all among them  
I could know!"

"Take this," the crone, upstarting, placed on  
his hand a ring  
Of dull and tarnished copper, a mean and battered  
thing,  
"Wear this, and when thou ridest up to the  
leech's door,  
See for thyself what company of guests doth  
stand before."

And before the knight could thank her she  
vanished quite away,  
And there was naught but a wee brown bird  
sitting upon the spray;  
And the light-hearted lover onward he spurred  
his courser gay,  
And kissed the battered talisman, and blessed  
the kindly fay.

Up the ringing street he darted to the chief  
physician's door,  
Heaven! what ghastly company was standing  
it before!

The souls of all the slain were there, ten  
thousand souls, I trow,  
Like witch-fire in a pallid night a wavering  
and to fro.

On passed the knight to another leech, but  
before the door he died,  
Was quite as ghastly as not quite so great a  
company.

And up and down the burg he rode, but  
everywhere he went,  
Watched the spirit of each patient under a  
monument.

"Alack! doth never a leech have skill?"  
his hand a ring  
Of dull and tarnished copper, a mean and battered  
thing,  
"Wear this, and when thou ridest up to the  
leech's door,  
See for thyself what company of guests doth  
stand before."

"A blessing on the talisman and on the  
kindly fay!"  
Here is the surgeon skilled shall charm his  
lady's hurt away,  
Ho! bask ye, bask ye, Master Leech, and ride  
away with me,  
And thou shalt save a precious life, and win  
a priceless fee."

Up sprang the good physician that behind the  
giant knight,  
And with a sound the sounding root clattered  
the courser's might;  
And merrily the knight he sang and shouted  
in his glee,  
"A blessing on the kindly fay that aided me  
to thee!"

"Now by our good St. Anthony, what is it  
thou dost say?  
Dost thou not know, Sir Knight, there is no  
goblin, neither elf, nor fairy,  
But tell me truly, who it was to me thy steps  
did guide,  
For how should a poor leech be known  
throughout the country-side?"

"O, trust me, trust me, Master Leech, thy  
fame spreads far and near;  
On every side thy healing skill whi  
miracles we have seen,  
For though thy cheek doth brightly burn  
the rose hue of youth,  
There is no doctor so renowned in all this land,  
good south."

"Sir Knight, it becomes thy rank to look a  
simple man,  
One who doth practice Galen's art with all the  
skill he can;  
But only yesterday I hung my shingle at  
thy door,  
And I have had but a single call—one patient,  
and no more."

"Now by St. Anthony!" exclaimed the  
knight,  
The remainder of this interesting ballad has  
been lost.—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Mag-  
azine.

## THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

"Never while I live," said Miss Rashleigh,  
"never while I live, will I see  
your face again!"

She meant it when she said it; and she  
spoke, she threw her betrothal  
ring towards her lover, who had offend-  
ed her.

It missed him and rolled down upon  
the floor and over the sill of an op-  
china closet—one of those old-fashioned  
closets that used to stand on either side  
of the mantel-piece.

She did not notice where it rolled; it  
did though; and after she had left  
the room, he turned to pick it up. The ring  
she had worn would always be precious  
to him.

Miss Rashleigh went straight to her  
own room, as miserable a girl as ever  
lived, and a moment later Grandmother  
Rashleigh bustled into the drawing-  
room, pushed the open closet door to,  
picked up the fallen magazine, set the  
annuals and books of poetry straight  
on the table, pulled down the shades,  
arranged the chairs mathematically  
against the wall, and bustled out again.

"I've had these things fifty years,"  
she said to herself, "and there's Cornelia  
and her beau with no more respect for  
them than if they were so much lumber."

Then she closed the door behind her,  
and went away to her own room up  
stairs, where a fine silk patchwork quilt  
was in the frame, a surprise for  
Cornelia.

Grandma Rashleigh gave every young  
person of the family something of her  
own manufacture on his or her wedding  
day.

"Now," the old lady had said a dozen  
times to Tripheny King, who was help-  
ing her: "I rather think Cornelia will  
have the best thing I've done; and  
there's a bit in it of every handsome  
silk there's ever been in the family, and  
of her father's and grandfather's wed-  
ding vests."

"Yes'm, its real memorial quilt,"  
said Tripheny. "It takes you, mum,  
to plan such things."

The quilt was finished and bound  
up afternoon, and Tripheny's joy of  
quitting being over she went home,  
but she carried about the village the  
news that she "was sure all was over  
between Miss Rashleigh and Mr. Spear."  
She'd heard Cornelia saying something  
to her grandma, and the old lady was  
furious.

"He would never have done that if  
he had cared for me, you know, grand-  
ma," Cornelia was saying at that mo-  
ment.

"Stuff and nonsense! He loves the  
ground you walk on!" said the old lady.

"You'll never get such another, Cor-  
nelia!"

"I shall never marry at all; I hate  
men!" Cornelia answered.

And then her grandmother made the  
house too hot to hold her, and she went  
to her mother's, her usual course when  
she fell out with grandma.

Three days passed. At the end of  
the third day Pratt stepped in at Mrs.  
Rashleigh's—young Mrs. Rashleigh, as  
they called her, though she was nearly  
fifty, for grandma was old Mrs. Rash-  
leigh.

"I expect you'll feel upset when I tell  
you the news, Cornelia," said she.

"You've been too cruel this time—he, he,  
he!" Orville Spear hadn't been  
heard of since he was at your house.

His mother says he went over to ex-  
plain and make up, and he never came  
back—he, he! She thought maybe he'd  
stepped over to his brother's, but he  
hadn't—he, he! I reckon he's drowned  
himself!"

"I don't know why the whole town  
should talk over my affairs, and every  
meddling old maid giggle about them!"  
cried Cornelia.

Piety jumped to her feet, seized her  
parasol and turned towards the door.

"Good afternoon, Miss Cornelia and  
Mrs. Rashleigh," she said, with a con-  
temptuous courtesy. "I'll remember  
my manners, if other folks forget theirs.  
Only there's other folks as likely to be  
old maids as me, and I fancy it's Mrs.  
Spear's affair now if anything has  
happened to her boy!"

Away flounced Miss Pratt.

"You've put Piety in a rage, Corne-  
lia," said Mrs. Rashleigh. "That's a  
pity; she has a long tongue."

But Cornelia was crying.

"O, mother, dear," she sobbed, "it  
isn't true, is it? Orville did feel dread-  
fully. Won't you see, mother?"

But at this moment Sally, the little  
servant girl from Grandma Rashleigh's,  
came flying into the room, without any  
more waiting than if she had been  
shot from a gun.

"The old missus says you are to come  
over at once, both you ladies!" she  
cried, standing before Mrs. Rashleigh,  
and repeating her lesson like a parrot.

"There's something of importance, and  
you're needed at worst."

"Get your bonnet, Cornelia," said  
her mother. "I'll just put on this sun-  
hat. What is it, Sally; do you know?"

"I know it's something dreadful.  
Missus is almost wild, and there's lots  
of folks there. Something about Mr.  
Spear."

The two ladies said no more. They  
hurried away together, and entering  
grandma's parlor, found there assem-  
bled more of the members of the Spear  
family, and a friend or two besides.

Orville had, indeed, disappeared. He  
had never been home since his visit to  
Cornelia, and now the alarmed rela-  
tives were anxious to get all the infor-  
mation they could regarding the inter-  
view between Orville and Cornelia.

"I had reason to be angry, Mrs.  
Spear," said Cornelia, proudly; "good  
reason, and I took off my ring and gave  
it back and went out of the room. That  
is all I know. I don't know when he  
went or where. I—I thought he  
wouldn't mind so much. I believed he  
had stopped caring about me."

"He ought to now, at all events,"  
said grandma.

"My boy is dead, I'm sure. I shall  
have the pond dragged!" said Mrs.  
Spear, amidst her tears. "He left all  
his money at home. He wouldn't have  
gone traveling without a change of  
clothes. O, you wicked girl!"

"I hope," cried the eldest Miss Spear,  
"that he'll haunt you!"

"I could kill you, you hateful thing!"  
cried the youngest Miss Spear.

Cornelia had kept up bravely until  
now; but when her two friends turned  
upon her thus, she gave a little scream  
and fell over on the sofa. She was in  
a dead swoon, and the water they  
sprinkled in her face did not bring  
her to.

Grandma grew frightened.

"I hope it isn't an attack of heart  
disease," she said. "Poor child! she  
looks as if she were dead."

"O, don't say that," cried the mother.  
They gathered around Cornelia and  
id all they could for her, and soon she  
covered and sat up, but all her pride  
as gone.

O, dear! O, dear!" she sobbed. "I  
ish I had died! I wish I had never  
come to! O, Orville! Orville! what has  
come of you?"

"O, oh!" moaned the mother.

"O, oh!" moaned the sisters.

And Cornelia's head fell back again.

"Of all the confounded fools—"

"Who, dear?" asked his mother.

"Me," said Orville, regardless of  
grammar. "Who shut me in?"

"What were you in the closet for?"  
asked grandma, with a guilty con-  
science.

"To pick something up that rolled  
there," said Orville.

"The ring?" asked Cornelia, franti-  
cally.

"Yes, the ring," said Mr. Spear.  
"More fool I! Some one changed the door  
to. I shouted and howled and kicked,  
and no one heard me."

"O, oh, oh, oh!" shrieked Cornelia, "I  
believe you hid there just to kill me,  
for no other purpose than out of re-  
venge."

"You banged the door on me," said  
Mr. Spear. "A jealous woman will do  
anything."

"I banged the door, Orville," said  
old Mrs. Rashleigh. "I! You'd left  
everything flying. I just pushed it as I  
passed, and you ought to bless your  
stars that you are alive, for people don't  
go into the drawing room, sometimes  
for a fortnight, in this small family.  
We use the parlor much more, and I  
am deaf, and so is old Hepziba, and  
you might have died there. Yes, and  
you'd have killed him, Cornelia," added  
the old lady, "throwing his pretty dia-  
mond ring on the floor!"

"O!" moaned Cornelia. "O!"

"It wasn't her fault. I was a con-  
founded fool all through!" cried Or-  
ville. "I knew that closet had a spring-  
lock. No, don't blame Cornelia."

"I shall always blame myself,"  
sighed Cornelia. "O! how pale you  
are!"

"And how pale you are, Cornelia!"  
sighed Orville. "Did you really care  
when you thought I was dead?"

"Ladies," said Grandma Rashleigh,  
"now that Orville has recovered and is  
getting on, let us go into the other room,  
and leave these two young folks to  
talk things over together."

She led the way, the others followed.  
When the tea bell rang soon after, Or-  
ville and Cornelia came out of the  
drawing room arm in arm, and the wed-  
ding day was fixed.—Philadelphia Call.

## Dogs.

Among the pests of the farmer the  
dog holds a high, if not the highest,  
place. Not that the dog is necessarily  
injuriously, any more than some human  
beings are, but it is the untrained,  
neglected, and consequently vicious,  
dogs which are a pest to the farmer, as  
it is the uneducated, neglected and idle  
youths who become pests of society.

A well-trained dog, kept in proper sub-  
jection and under control of its owner,  
may be useful in more than one  
capacity, while its kind, docile and  
friendly disposition and its wonderful  
sagacity may make it an acceptable  
companion. But when left to itself,  
like the erring child we read of, it is  
sure to bring its owner to shame and  
grief.

A Tennessee farmer who has  
suffered gives some figures which might  
be duplicated in every other State  
with great ease. He says that his State  
possesses 200,000 dogs that are idle,  
vicious and worthless. Each of these  
dogs consumes as much food as would  
make 100 pounds of pork fit to pigs,  
which, in the aggregate, is equal to  
30,000,000 pounds of bacon annually,  
worth \$3,000,000. This is the direct  
cost of them. The indirect loss con-  
sists in the prevention of the keeping of  
2,000,000 sheep, the yearly profit of  
which would be \$6,000,000, so that the  
whole loss to the State by reason of  
the keeping of worthless dogs is  
equal to \$9,000,000. The schools of the  
State cost \$3,000,000. So that the  
keeping of the dogs costs three times  
more than the education of the children.

The farmer might well have added to  
his productive crop of figures all the  
various losses and damages direct and  
indirect from the sadly defective educa-  
tion of the children for which only  
\$3,000,000 can be afforded on account  
of these dogs.

But it is bad enough, because this is  
only a very small part of the whole  
damage, which is inflicted upon the  
public by worthless dogs, or rather  
through the criminal neglect of the  
owners of them. For if a man should  
keep a wolf or other wild ferocious  
beast and suffer it to go at large to  
prey upon his neighbors every night he  
would commit an offense for which he  
would be amenable to the laws; and it  
is equally wrong for him to keep a dog  
and suffer it to become a beast of prey.  
There is no lawful reason why a man  
may not keep a wolf or a bear, or a  
tiger even, if he keeps it in secure con-  
finement. Society does not prohibit  
this pleasure and gratification, and a  
man may keep a dog with equal prop-  
riety if he will only prevent it from  
injuring or destroying his neighbor's  
flock. But certainly every man should  
be obliged to do this, and farmers who  
suffer damage have a clear right to  
insist upon it and to ask for sufficient  
legislation to enforce it.—N. Y. Times.

—Josh Billings went into a harness  
shop in New York to get some trivial  
thing, and when he was about to pay  
for it the proprietor said: "Never mind;  
it doesn't amount to much; some time  
when you lecture you may send me  
some tickets." Josh turned and walked  
nearly to the door, then slowly coming  
back, said: "See here, Mr. S., you are  
like a good many other people; you  
'cast your bread upon the waters,' but  
you tie a string to it!" and went slowly  
out without another word or smile.

—Nathan D. Morey, of Syracuse, N.  
Y., invented a new gasoline machine  
and was found dead a few days later in  
the room where it was kept, having  
been suffocated by the fumes.

## A Thrilling Adventure with a Shark.

Alfetto, the Spanish diver, met with a  
remarkable adventure and had a very  
narrow escape recently while engaged in  
diving operations on the coast of  
North Carolina, near the little town of  
Moorhead. The Atlanta, one of the  
best-known coasting-vessels in these  
parts, was employed in a small and sank  
just inside the bar. The owners of the  
craft contracted with a diving company  
to have her raised and to recover as  
much of her cargo as was still serviceable.

Alfetto and another diver were engaged to  
do the work. They made several  
successful descents, but on the fourth  
trip the Spaniard met with a shark and  
signaled hastily to be drawn up, and  
when he had been hauled into the boat  
he related how Alfetto had been seized  
by a monster white shark and carried off;  
but scarcely had he done speaking when  
Alfetto rose from the water about fifty  
yards from the boat, and was picked up  
insensible, with several holes punched in  
the metallic part of his diving-suit.

Means were successfully adopted to  
bring him round, and the next day he  
told the following story:

"As you know, we had made our  
fourth descent, and while my compan-  
ion clambered into the vessel, I waited  
on the ground till he should attach the  
cords to draw something out. I was  
just about to signal to be drawn up for  
a moment's rest when I noticed a shadowy  
body moving at some distance  
above me and toward me. In a  
moment every fish had disappeared,  
the very crustacean lay still upon  
the sand, and the cuttle-fish scurried  
away as fast as they could. I was not  
thinking of danger, and my first  
thought was that it was the shadow of  
a passing boat. But suddenly a feeling  
of terror seized me; I felt impelled to  
flee from something, I knew not what;  
a vague horror seemed grasping after  
me, such as a child fancies when leaving  
a darkened room. By this time the  
shadow had come nearer and taken  
shape. It seemed needed a glance to  
show me that it was a man-eater, and  
of the largest size. Had I signaled to  
be drawn up then, it would have been  
certain death. All I could do was to  
remain still until it left. It lay off  
twenty or twenty-five feet just outside  
the rigging of the ship, its body motion-  
less, its fins barely stirring the  
water about its gills. It was a monster  
as it was, but to add to the horror the  
pressure of the water upon my head  
made it appear as if flames were pour-  
ing from its eyes and mouth, and every  
movement of its fins and tail seemed  
accompanied by a display of fireworks.

I was sure the fish was thirty feet long,  
and so near that I could see its double  
row of white teeth. Involuntarily I shrunk  
closer to the side of the vessel. But my  
first movement betrayed my presence.  
I saw the shining eyes fixed upon me;  
its tail quivered as it darted at me like  
a streak of light. I shrank closer to  
the side of the ship. I saw it turn on  
one side, its mouth open, and heard  
the teeth snap as it darted by me. It  
had missed me. The sweep of its  
mighty tail had thrown me forward. I  
saw it turn, balance itself, and its tail  
quivered as it darted at me again.

There was no escape. It turned on its  
back as a sparrow. The cavernous  
jaws opened, and the long shining teeth  
grated as they closed on my metal har-  
ness. It had me. I could feel its teeth  
grinding upon my copper breast-plate  
as it tried to bite me in two; for fortu-  
nately it had caught me just across the  
middle, where I was best protected.

Having seized me it went tearing  
through the water. I could feel it  
bound forward at each stroke of its tail.  
Had it not been for my copper helmet  
my head would have been torn off by  
the rush through the water. I was per-  
fectly conscious, but somehow I felt no  
terror at all. There was only a feeling  
of numbness. I wondered how long it  
would be before those teeth would  
crunch through, and whether they  
would strike first into my back or my  
breast. Then I thought of Maggie and  
the baby, and wondered who would take  
care of them, and if she would ever know  
what had become of me. All these  
thoughts passed through my brain in an  
instant, but in that time the connecting  
air tube had been snapped, and my  
head seemed ready to burst with pres-  
sure, while the monster's teeth kept  
crunching and grinding away upon my  
harness. Then I felt the cold water be-  
gin to pour in and heard the bubble,  
bubble, bubble, as the air escaped into  
the creature's mouth. I began to hear  
great guns, and to see fireworks, and  
rainbows, and sunshine, and all kinds  
of pretty things, then I thought I was  
floating away on a rosy summer cloud,  
dreaming to the sound of sweet music.

Then all became blank. The shark  
might have eaten me then at his leisure  
and I never would have been the wiser.  
Imagine my astonishment, then, when I  
opened my eyes on board this boat  
and saw you fellows around me. Yes,  
sir! I thought I was dead and ate up  
sure."—Col. N. Y. Times.

—A Chinaman in Taylor has received  
the latest China papers giving an ac-  
count of the fight at Sontay. His version  
like this: "Fleeth nigger eleven eight  
feet high! Cloak also same elephant  
skin! Chinaman cut him knife and  
shoed; no cut him! Chinaman shoot  
him; ball no glow in. Chinaman lun  
like fun."—World (N.Y.) Reflex.

—A dish or vase of fresh water should  
be kept in every room where there is a  
fire, especially an open fire. The water  
absorbs the gas arising from the coal  
and other impurities in the air.—Chi-  
cago Journal.

## Huge Circular Saws.

The largest circular saw that has been  
sent out of this city recently was ex-  
actly six feet in diameter. It was ordered  
by a match company and went to Michi-  
gan. Fifty-two teeth projected from  
its rim. It is now revolving at the rate  
of 672 revolutions a minute, and is cap-  
able of making a ten-inch to twelve-  
inch cut with each revolution. It can  
saw off a forty-foot plank, therefore, in  
an infinitesimal portion of a minute,  
though as a matter of fact the frame on  
which the logs are fed to a saw is ad-  
justed to move at about the speed at  
which a man can walk. At that rate  
there is nothing but a whirr and a  
shriek to announce the journey of a  
log's length. This is not a solid sawer  
it would have more than one hundred  
teeth.

It is one of the new patterns in  
which the teeth are separated from the  
plate and can be inserted and removed  
at pleasure. The teeth in the sort of  
saw of which this monster is a speci-  
men are little curved bits of steel  
pointed like chisels at the cutting end.  
They fit into round sockets cut out of  
the edges of the saw plates, and their  
little chisel blades project slightly be-  
yond the circle of the plate. There are  
various inventions in movable teeth for  
circular saws, and in nearly all of them  
the circle plays an important part. It  
looks purely ornamental, but in reality  
it prevents the steel from splitting with  
the grain.

Solid saws continue to be made in  
great numbers, but the inventors of the  
movable teeth, different patterns of  
which are made by all saw manufac-  
turers, are deriving fortunes, because  
new teeth can be replaced for a few  
cents and in a few minutes, and the  
body of the saw remains the size it was  
made, whereas solid saws have to be  
newly filed and set, and sharpened  
every time they dull, a process that  
consumes time and requires the services  
of a sawyer whose skill commands  
good wages. Every cutting reduces  
the size of the saw. A seventy-two  
inch saw is a big one even in Michigan,  
where the sixty-six inch saw is in com-  
mon use. There these five and a half  
foot saws are run at a speed of from  
500 to 700 revolutions in Norway pine  
logs, and they cut as deep with each  
revolution as the monster above de-  
scribed. The little chisel-bit teeth will  
chew out pine during a whole working  
day, and an entire set of dull ones can  
be replaced next day in five minutes  
for three cents a tooth. Some of the  
sawdust from one of these great saws  
was sent from Michigan to the estab-  
lishment of a great sawmaker in this  
city. It was esteemed as a curiosity.

It was not dust at all, but a mass of  
little pellets of wood, three-eighths of  
an inch in thickness. The lumbermen  
prefer to waste lumber in this way pro-  
vided they get speed out of their tools.  
These huge saws are used singly in  
sawing a rough log into planks. After-  
ward the planks are reduced to desired  
widths by edge saws, which are  
smaller implements revolving together  
at the proper distances one from the  
other.

A saw maker must know whether or  
not his customer wants to run his pur-  
chase at a high rate of speed before the  
saw is made. Saw makers, in devel-  
oping a disk of steel into a saw, ham-  
mer it so as to leave either a hard or a  
soft center. A saw that has a soft cen-  
ter will wobble in the middle if a per-  
son takes hold of it by the edge and  
shakes it. If it has a hard center one  
part will not shake more than another.

A saw with a hard center, if driven at  
a high rate of speed, will not cut  
straight. Its edge will wobble. But if  
it has a soft center, and is sent  
around at a rate of 700 or 800 revolu-  
tions a minute, the centrifugal force  
straining at the center stiffens the saw  
and keeps the edge steady. To the av-  
erage mind it would seem that there has  
been the same straining after ornamenta-  
tion in the vertical saws, so odd are  
the shapes of the teeth. But here, again,  
the study has been solely to produce  
strength and cutting power. Some of  
the vertical saws have dull teeth alter-  
nating with the sharp ones. The dull  
ones do not reach out quite so far as the  
cutters. Their purpose is to clear the  
sawdust from before the cutters.—N.  
Y. Sun.

—Unconsciousness of Dying Persons.

"A dying man may be burned with a  
red-hot iron and not feel pain," Dr.  
Crawford said to a reporter. "Con-  
sciousness may remain to the dying  
almost to the dissolution, but generally  
they lose the power of thought long be-  
fore actual death. In cases of death in  
which there seems to be suffering the  
writing and spasms are due to reflex  
muscular action. Fear weakens the  
nervous system, and, consequently,  
hastens death; and the reverse of fear  
may prolong life." The doctor cited a  
medical report concerning a Methodist  
minister. He lay on the verge of death,  
cold and pulseless, and friends around  
his bed sang his favorite hymn. As  
they ceased, and while the physicians  
stood timing the death, the minister's  
hands moved, and he whispered,  
"Glory!" Restoratives were adminis-  
tered, and an hour later the man had  
recovered. He lived many years after  
that. He said he understood every  
word spoken at his bedside. Under the  
nervous excitement and enthusiasm  
wrought by the hymn, he had exerted  
his muscular strength, and lived.—  
Stockton (Cal.) Mail.

—At the city jail in Portland, Ore.,  
upon the inside floor a prisoner has  
written, by rubbing the whitewash off the  
iron plating with his finger: "God bless  
our home." "All people who enter  
here leave hope behind." "Welcome!"  
and "Shut the door."—Chicago Herald.

## Paralyzing the Barber.

It has been taken for granted by all  
practical jokers that the barber was the  
man who had the privilege of asking  
the innocent under his razor all the  
questions he could think of, and, by the  
way, what the regularly ordained bar-  
ber don't know about the weather, the  
crops and politics would make a pocket  
edition that would feel lonesome in an  
ordinary pocket. Saturday night, how-  
ever, a reporter, when taking his semi-  
weekly shave, overheard a series of  
questions which decidedly reversed the  
order. It was in a basement barber  
shop, one well known, and the shaver  
and the shaveree were in positions to look  
up into the street.

"Why don't you put a carpet on your  
stairway?" asked the customer.

"It would freeze fast and be spoiled  
the first day," replied the barber.

"Why don't you use ashes, then?"

"Ashes would track the floor up."

"Then use salt."

"That wouldn't pay. It wouldn't  
thaw the ice off till noon, and by that  
time the sun gets around this way and  
the ice disappears."

"What makes you have such queer  
paper on the ceiling for your customers  
to look at? Why the stars and moons  
and all those queer designs make my  
head dizzy. I fancy some people who  
have stared at them for a half hour go  
out and fancy they have had an attack  
of the 'jim jams.'"

"Don't the paper suit you, sir?"  
modestly queried the astonished barber.

"Suits me well enough, but it might  
not suit some people."

"You're next," yelled out the barber  
to a youth who had just come out of  
the bath-room.

"What is he next for?" asked the in-  
terrogator point in the chair.

"That's our rule," said the barber.

"Other rule—all right, though, I sup-  
pose," remarked the customer, in an  
undertone.

"What do you call a fair day's work  
for a barber? How many men can  
a barber shave in a day?"

"That depends."

"Depends on what?"

"Why the kind of a barber he is. A  
fast man might shave fifty or sixty men  
in a day."

"Not more than that."